Crumbles of unfulfilled expectations

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Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom/Margot Verger, Will Graham/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Lee Fallon/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki, Luke Brandon/Le Chiffre, Will Graham/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser, Prince Charmont (Ella Enchanted)/Draco (Clash of the Titans), Galahad/Tristan (King Arthur 2004), Roberto Bellini/Tonny (Pusher), Jimmy Price/Brian Zeller, Elias (Men & Chicken)/Adam Towers, Le Chiffre/Adam Towers, Jimmy Price/Chiyoh (Hannibal), Grigg Harris/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Lucas (Jagten)/Nick (Coach), Lee Fallon/Ivan Fjeldsted, Prince Charmont (Ella Enchanted)/One Eye (Valhalla Rising), Le Fantôme (Ford Edge "Le Fantôme" Commercial)/Lee Fallon, Lee Fantôme, Jacob Pederson/Buddy Wittenborn, d'Artagnan/Comte de Rochefort, Will Graham/Adam Towers
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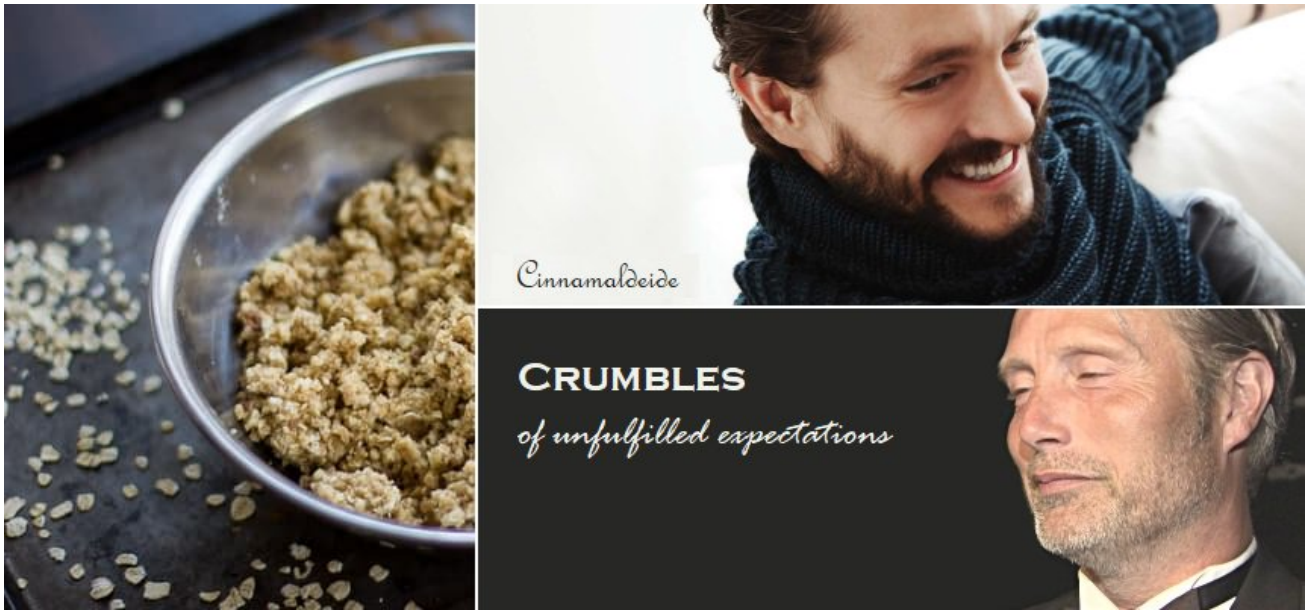
Crumbles of unfulfilled expectations

by Cinnamaldeide

Summary

Collection of ficlets of the length of a tweet or two ❀
Tags to be added at every update because every chapter belongs in a different setting

Notes



See the end of the work for more notes

“mild” headaches

When Will had one of his “mild” headaches, Hannibal noticed right away. His smell changed in accordance with his light sweat, his responses became curt and sometimes unintelligible. His posture deflated.
Hannibal often attempted to remedy.

#CinnPrompt #HannibalFanart #Hannibal (x)

“possessive” moments

When Hannibal had one of his “possessive” moments, Will knew right away. His humour was contagiously jovial, his attention particularly lingering. His hands were insistent, bold, everywhere.
Will was always sure to resist before surrendering.

#CinnPrompt #HannibalFanart #Hannibal (x)

head back

“Put your head back,” Hannibal gently instructed, removing Will's belt with languid calm, nimble fingers. “Close your eyes,” he suggested, low and suave, lowering himself further and futher.
And Will waded into the quiet of the stream.

#CinnPrompt #HannibalFanart #Hannibal #Nsfw (x)

jungle

She wore the most extravagant, vibrant clothes, the most challenging patterns, commanded anyone’s attention, yet never returned the favour. For the best, Will figured. Colorful meant dangerous in the language of nature.

#Hannigram #fem!Hannibal (x)

trite quotes

Hannibal watching a romantic movie comfortably spooning Will, who predictably fell asleep, rest not interrupted by nightmares after he stopped working for the FBI. Hannibal grimacing at the trite quotes, yet secretly enjoying the mundane platitude.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal #Domestic (x)

male corsets

It begins out of necessity. Will's fractured ribs are constantly in need of a structural support to heal into a less unnatural shape.
Hannibal provides the first support, which Will almost refuses to wear. When it proves not only functional, but rather addicting, they escalate. (x)

infested waters

The waters were said to be infested. By what, that wasn't clear. Sharks, the diver had presumed. He was familiar with shark-invested waters.
Those weren't sharks, dragging him into a nest of bones and obscurity, that was certain. He had never seen such beautiful creatures before. (x)

sweet delight

It is bliss, it is sweet delight. It is unexpected quiet coming home and it is anticipation before a storm.
Hannibal is pliant as Will would have never in his life predicted, warm and welcoming as Will could have never hoped for. It is perdition.

#Hannigram #PostFall (x)

disbelief

Will cannot believe Hannibal has conserved his prison jumpsuit. He cannot believe Hannibal has searched and actually found a tailor to rearrange it. He still cannot believe Hannibal wears the actual ensemble. Just for spite.
On second though, Will should have expected as much. (x)

kitten

Hannibal wouldn't allow her on the bed, so of course Will would teach her how to climb up. Hannibal would buy a nice, elegant collar for her, which she would politely refuse to wear. Will would help her get rid of it just to aggravate his husband.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal #Domestic (x)

lingerie

Silence could be a positive sign, Hannibal reasoned, or an incredibly negative one. He hadn't expected his penchant for lacy undergarments to emerge so soon after their convalescence, and yet.
“I-I need to know,” Will recovered from his stupor, “are you wearing a matching set?” (x)

cold attitude

Jack recognizes the papers Miriam silently laid on his desk. “Reimbursement for my psychiatrist's sessions,” she explained. He remains quiet. She keeps going. “You could have visited. I expected you to. You didn't bother.”
Jack can't fault her cold attitude. He did abandon her. (x)

that night

Hannibal always remained a little breathless when Will took such initiatives.
“The seashore reminds me of that night,” Will explained, eyes averted and distant. “It reminds me of all the infinite possibilities I had ahead of me,” he continued, “and the one I ended up embracing.” (x)

carpenter Will

Will privately thinks of Mr. Lecter as a fastidious, high-maintenance client. Someone with clear ideas and an aversion for incompetence, yet polite enough to remain aside and let Will do his job, discreetly hovering but not disturbing. His kitchen was well tended, obsessively so. (x)

Hannibal would have never addressed Mr. Graham in disrespectful manners, yet often found himself lurking around the busy carpener whenever work was being performed in his kitchen. Hannibal likes him, often entertains the notion of sparing his life after renovations are completed. (x)

moving

A single tear slides down Hannibal's marmoreal cheek. Will admires its wet path, worried about his silent contemplation. “What troubles you so, my Lord?”
His lover deftly halves a pomegranate, offers its succulent seeds to Will's lips. “The line of your mouth is moving, my dear.” (x)

coquilles

No matter what Dr Lecter said, Will shouldn't have come, couldn't take the liberty to show up on his doorstep at such ungodly hours. But Hannibal called him friend, welcomed him in... and Will wondered just how many friends crowded his kitchen off the clock.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal (x)

unpredictable

Will just meant to control his breathing was regular, Hannibal told himself. His slow, uncertain approach wasn't hesitation, merely consideration for his sleep.
Will wouldn't ever kiss him.
But Hannibal hoped. He could never predict Will.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal #Domestic #PostFall (x)

murderous intentions

Will hadn't realized his expression was a perfect detector of murderous intentions, until Hannibal performed his private little smirk with lowered eyes.
“I so love your face when you're thinking about killing me, my darling,” Hannibal said. “I'd gladly let you try,” he confessed. (x)

omegaverse

Will sweats like an Omega in heat or an Alpha in rut. He shouldn't, he's neither.
His unconventional psychiatrist offers to help with his soothing chemical signals, which shouldn’t affect his mood but against all odds do. Hannibal settles him.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Omegaverse (x)

stubbled cheeks

“Your stubble is scratchy,” Will lamented, not used to the short, stiff hairs covering Hannibal's cheeks. “So is yours,” Hannibal countered, “which never prevented me from kissing you senseless.”
Will sighed, taking the obvious hint. “Alright, I'll start shaving it regularly.” (x)

nude studies

When Will finds Hannibal's nude studies, absently spread on his desk, he barely glances at them. It takes Will a moment to notice the similarity between the model and himself. “We begin to covet what we see every day,” Hannibal merely remarks. His eyes do look covetous indeed. (x)

darkness

Hannibal wears darkness rather comfortably. Will could tell by the subtle crevices on his misleading mask, once he began looking. His stance was that of a predator, his eyes that of a hunger creature, his hidden smirks so smugly superior.
It was upsetting. Endlessly captivating. (x)

stupidly happy

W: Hannibal don't be so stupidly happy about all the blood, you're in charge of the laundry.
H: Worth it ✨ (x)

futamono

Hannibal had been right about Will's capacity and determination to do what needed to be done. Unsurprisingly, Hannibal had been grooming Will just to achieve that kind of self-awareness, and Will felt like he was more in control than he'd ever been before.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal (x)

soulmates

Will had heard stories about souls meant for each other. Nonsensical theories about blessed creatures whose existence acquired meaning if paired together.
Hannibal must have thought so too, before meeting Will. “I knew you'd find me interesting.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Soulmates (x)

post-coital

It was almost too early for morning cuddles, let alone Hannibal's insistent fondling, but his good humor was contagious. “Bed hair suits you,” Will whispered. “Not as much as post-coital rest becomes you, my beloved,” Hannibal countered.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal #Domestic #PostFall (x)

college student & young doctor

“This is extreme, Mr Graham,” a suave voice uttered directly in his ear. Above the loud music, Will recognized Dr Lecter's low, familiar tone, shivered when his hand took the cigarette from his lips. “You don't need to smoke for me to offer an alternative use for your mouth.” (x)

charming host

Hannibal insisted on inverting their respective role in their new lives, an opportunity to unearth whatever manners Will learned from watching him in action for years. Will teased him, called him egocentric, yet indulged Hannibal's request and charmed both his guests and husband. (x)

preller

“I have to admit it,” Brian whispered to Jimmy. “Graham does look like he's enjoying this,” he gestured towards his not-quite-FBI colleague, an all-encompassing gesture, “whatever he's doing with Lecter.”
Jimmy raised his eyebrows, surprised. “Oh, you thought he was faking it?” (x)

convalescence

Life with Will Graham was not like Hannibal had expected. He had anticipated the dog hair, the perpetual mess, the persistent fish smell, but after his first month of convalescence Hannibal began wondering how Will had survived so far. And if he should start worrying for himself. (x)

stuffed

“You're going to regret this so much,” Will threatened, almost delirious, reminding Hannibal they had an arrangement. “First I'm doing the same to you,” Will continued, “then I'll add the clamps too.”
If anything, Hannibal seemed thrilled with the prospect. “Can't wait, darling.” (x)

hirsute chest

Will's hands wandered on his hirsute chest with languid contentment. “I like your hair,” Will told him, unabashed. “I like its consistence, its roughness. I always envied this hairiness of yours, I'm quite taken with it.”
Certainly Will knew how his words were affecting Hannibal. (x)

thoroughbred alpha

Like any thoroughbred Alpha, Hannibal knew how to court an Omega, had been taught manners and gesture to please and comfort his second-gender counterparts. But Will was a Beta, even an uninterested one. Hannibal ought to be inventive to woo him.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Omegaverse (x)

mind palace

The scent of burned wax helped Hannibal summon memories of his passed beloved. It fortified their lingering presence. Hannibal's mental palace wouldn't have served its purpose shaped like an opera house. Hannibal had many dear lost souls to mourn.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Painful (x)

breakfast porn

Hannibal couldn't help himself any longer. “Would you please contain yourself?” Will's loud moans distracted him. Then again, Will couldn't seem to help himself either. “Mh, you don't understand,” Will whimpered, “I just missed your food so much.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #PostFall (x)

mtf Will

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will's scent was progressively, inexorably changing. Hannibal could smell it.
He could recognize the different hormones, the subtly feminine bouquet. Not indication of a disease, as he had initially presumed, rather a foretaste of what was to come.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #mtfWill (x)

Chapter End Notes

Happy #PrideMonth 🌈

shaving

“You're a rough omega,” Adam noticed. He had never heard of an omega that needed to shave.
“The roughest I know,” Nigel confirmed. “And you're cute. The cutest alpha I know,” he paused, smiled sweetly. “Ain't we suited for each other, darling.”

#CinnPrompt #SpaceDogs #Omegaverse (x)

war is over

“It was the end of the world and you thought about saving this shirt,” Will commented, running his fingers on the ruined fabric.
“You like it so much, I had to keep it,” Hannibal answered with a blissful, lovely smile.
It was true, though. Will was so fond of that red sweater. (x)

daisy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The neighborhood cat briefly invaded their bedroom, blessedly refraining from mark the entire environment as her territory. Daisy, as the creature was commonly referred to, merely scratched Hannibal's fancy pants and covered Will's pillow in fur.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #PostFall (x)

Chapter End Notes

The Countess Olivia inspired the name of the cat (x)

role reversal

Imagine Will Graham in the role of brilliant psychiatrist with a terrible personality, teaching at the Academy instead of Alana for a while, ultimately deciding murder is more fulfilling to do than to explain. Imagine Hannibal is the profiler.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal #RoleReversal (x)

office visit

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mr Brandon had shown his interest in multiple occasions, behaved pleasantly in his boss' proximity, complimented his dark, elegant attire with bright, curious eyes. Mr Le Chiffre thought it was about time to express his own complete availability.

#CinnPrompt #LuChiffre #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

flowers for misha

“Why are you bringing flowers to my sister's grave,” the handsome stranger asked, warily eyeing him.
“I was apologizing to her for having brought flowers to the tomb of her murderer,” Will offhandedly replied, as if the irony of gifting her the same present had been lost to him. (x)

family activities

Hannibal's idea of “family activities” often required Will's absence as a necessary condition. Predictably, his husband hindered his attempts at bonding with sweet Abigail, such as sharing a cup of spiked tea or comparing killing techniques.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal #MurderFamily (x)

chocolate dogs

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bucharest was indeed a small city, if Nigel could meet two Americans that would change his life so drastically in the same week. Good thing Aiden seemed more interested in his dick than his former wife.

#CinnPrompt #ChocolateDogs #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

young boots

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A loose tongue and blade skills rarely complimented each other, if at all, in Rochefort's experience. He had to change his mind upon crossing swords with d'Artagnan and learn about his bold temperament.

#CinnPrompt #YoungBoots #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

villa medicea

“When you told me you wanted to show me Florence,” Will began, idly wandering around, admiring the beautiful painted ceiling, “I hadn't realized you meant to find somewhere private for us to make out.”
Hannibal was all about finesse and profanity.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Florence (x)

enchanted clash

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Prince Char had been educated to the court life, not to the art of war. Draco knew his apprentice would reveal painfully lacking, abysmally unmotivated even, but he never backed down from a challenge.

#CinnPrompt #EnchantedClash #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

too hot

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

> “It's too hot for sex,” Will comments after his shirtless chest catches Hannibal's interested gaze.
> “If that's how you feel,” Hannibal replies, “it shouldn't be a problem if I help you out of your trousers.”
>
> #CinnPrompt #Hannigram #PostFall (x)
>
> Will doesn't like the glistening in Hannibal's eyes, upon rejecting his advances due to the unbearable summer heat. “I think I shall persuade you,” he sentences, before disappearing in the kitchen, coming back with some ice cubes, “I'll work on your temperature myself.” (x)

Chapter End Notes

> Inspired by this nsfw gifset

smitten

“Don't look so smitten,” Will reprimands him with playful eyes, yet a rather sharp knife still in his hand, “you might be the next if you insist on choosing your victims without consulting me.”
Hannibal has tried enjoying murder alone, but with Will everything is so much better. (x)

choke, hit, fuck

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

> “Choke me,” Mr Towers whispers in his ear. “Hit me,” he challenges, hands running on Le Chiffre's shoulders. “Fuck me,” he teases, courting the belt on his waist, giving Jean all sorts of indecent ideas.
>
> #CinnPrompt #RoyalInstinct #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

strangers

A distinguished stranger covered with scratches sat right next to Hannibal in front of the Primavera. His face didn't look familiar, but his scent somehow did, and for some reason his sheepish, suggestive smile urged Hannibal to introduce himself.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Florence (x)

good morning

Hannibal knew a nice cup of coffee wouldn't solve Will's multiple, insurmountable problems, nor suddenly turn him into a morning person, but he still prepared it, most mornings took it to bed for Will with a cordial smile, and Hannibal hoped his day would improve just a little. (x)

solo mission

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tristan would soon leave for another solo mission, Galahad knew. His horse was saddled, ready to depart. Arthur refused to let him escort the scout, so Galahad gave Tristan an unforgettable goodbye instead.

#CinnPrompt #Tristahad #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

sexy nerd & sugar daddy

“You're in my light, sir,” the reading sunbather notified, tacitly inviting Hannibal to move from whence he was.
“Sir,” Hannibal repeated slowly, drawing the shirtless man's attention with his own fancy attire. “I like the way you say it, boy, you should call me that more often.” (x)

Grigg briefly wondered exactly what kind of cold-blooded creature could dress so many layers on the beach, of all the places. “I'm more inclined to call you crazy at the moment,” he said, smiling at him, glaring at him, seeing just how beautiful he was, “sir.” (x)

scars and bliss

There's this utter bliss displayed so clearly on Will's features, Hannibal muses whenever he catches him in the morning with a book in hand and a smile on his face. Hannibal beams at it as he does with the scars required to achieve their shared happiness.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

fly open

After posing Randall Tier to his liking, with Hannibal's support and supervision, Will's gloved hands are covered in blood. Certainly not in the condition to zip his open fly for himself, so Hannibal did for him. Very slowly indeed. “Wouldn't want to embarrass you,” he explained. (x)

suit up

“Is this custom-made?” Hannibal inquired, pleasantly surprised with his dark attire. “It is,” Will simply answered, presenting a nice package for Hannibal to unwrap. “Took me some time to make up my mind, but I find I rather enjoy the change,” he said. The present smelt of blood. (x)

height difference

For some reason, those few inches apart in height rather disturbed Will. Hannibal couldn't help but notice of course, nor refrain from seizing every opportunity to admire that lovely, irresistible grimace Will exhibited whenever mentioned.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #HeightDifference (x)

toberto

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

> Tonny knew what it meant to do anything for the money. “Go take your shower, I'll wait,” he offered, guessing fairly well why someone as beautiful as that Roberto boy would exploit a resource so remunerative.
>
> #CinnPrompt #Toberto #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

> Inspired by this nsfw gifset

^ ᄎ ^

His exposed neck was so unbearably inviting, Hannibal could only suppose the casual display had been intentional. Will certainly knew about his fondness for whatever portion of his skin in sight, but Hannibal refused to whorship his body more than what he knew to be underneath. (x)

“You look famished,” Will drew him from his reverie, “I did feed you today, Hannibal. No need to stare at my neck as if you plan to take a bite out of it.”
“Certainly not to sate my hunger, my dear,” Hannibal proclaimed, gathering his beloved in a gracious embrace. “Not anymore.” (x)

hand detail

Will was no art critic, but he studied the David's chiselled hands with rapt attention. “They're so beautiful and precise,” he commented, and Hannibal whispered in his ear all sorts of depravities that could be accomplished with such big hands.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Florence (x)

mask

“It suits your features so well,” Hannibal whispered mere inches from his lips, covered by the mask yet so vulnerably on display. Preserving their modesty behind a thin layer of plastic.
“Would the sight sate you?” Will asked.
“I would starve myself to keep you just like this.” (x)

old tricks

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“What are you doing on the stairs?” his friendly neighbour enquired.
“Couldn't sleep,” Adam answered. “Couldn't relax.”
“I know a surefire way to help,” Nigel cordially offered. “The oldest trick, gorgeous.”

#CinnPrompt #SpaceDogs #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

brothers

“You and your brother couldn't be more different,” Will remarked absently, washing the dishes while Hannibal dried them beside him, Nigel smoking outside.
“That's not entirely true, my dear,” Hannibal absently pointed out. “We both enjoy opera.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #RareMeat (x)

blood

There was so much red. Hannibal couldn't quite avert his eyes from Will's soaked limbs, his dripping hands, his stained glasses and clothes. It was tempting to remain close to the trembling profiler and savour his scent mingling with that of blood.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Blood (x)

bandages

“You're dragging this on purpose,” Will wanted to say. “This detachment of yours is a farce, you're enjoying my discomfort, touching my exposed skin as you please.” Will knew his own flush spoke for itself, so he didn't say anything after all.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Bandages (x)

titanic

“Step up on the railing, keep your eyes closed.” Hannibal said. He had rehearsed this moment several times in his mind, perfected it to its fullest. “Do you trust me?”
And his careful romantic overture was utterly wrecked by Will's emphatic “No.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Titanic (x)

Gosh, imagine Hannibal is in fact the ship's cook and the food is all people. Rude people from first class and second class alike, just vanishing before the chef's special. And Will is tasked to shed some light on all these suspicious disappearances. And so he meets Hannibal. (x)

confectionery

Hannibal wasn't partial to confectionary, merely indulged his guests with dessert after a rich meal, yet his palate would inevitably salivate at the sight of Will Graham's artful composition. Beautiful and grotesque. His international fame wasn't unfounded.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

kaisergram

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Duncan hadn't known the pleasure of having someone waiting for him at home with a cup of coffee still warm in hand. Not until Will appeared on his threshold and greeted him with the softest “Welcome home.”

#CinnPrompt #Kaisergram #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

murder boner

Delight is plastered all over Will's face, but it's not about Mason bleeding on his carpet, all the restless dogs in the room, all the deep and convoluted words they just shared. It's about that mischievous glint in Hannibal's eyes and that single red drop running on his temple. (x)

lost in thought

It wasn't unusual for the students to catch prof. Graham in one of his pensive pose. His brilliant mind wandered and his bright eyes idly stared into the void. Hannibal rarely had the pleasure of wandering into his empty class and inform him the class had been dismissed already. (x)

teaching

To spare Hannibal's pride, Will had never admitted out loud his teaching method was... less than optimal. “Are you paying attention, Will?” In fact, Will was mostly trying not to focus solely on those beautiful hands and failing miserably. “I am, stop nudging me with that knife.” (x)

marital problems

The first marital fight is upon them and Hannibal, with all his knowledge and intrusion, hasn't yet managed to put a ring on him. His beloved, red-faced fiancé might have figured out the murder, glossed entirely over the cannibalism, but won't tolerate the lack of communication. (x)

after battle

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After the battle, Galahad felt alive. His heart would beat faster, his muscles would tense, adrenaline would stir him inside out. He felt excited. Tristan, on the other hand, sough the coolness of a stream.

#CinnPrompt #Tristahad #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

shave

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

> “Get a shave, pup, it's summer,” Tristan said.
> “My beard is manly,” Galahad protested. “And you're keeping yours, so what's your deal.”
> Tristan challenged him to a fight with his sword, to sit him down and reveal that beautiful jaw for himself.

Chapter End Notes

For the @RareMeat_ #Tristahad fest.

perfume

Once Hannibal's eyes laid on the label of that peculiar flacon, Will knew their search for a more palatable alternative to his aftershave with a ship on the bottle was over. “It's just marketing, Hannibal,” he tried to dissuade him. It was useless.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Perfume (x)

reading together

“Somehow I doubt you're reading comfortably, my dear,” Hannibal observed, stretched in a rather awkward-looking position himself. Accomodating his seat for Will's convenience. Will softened at that. “Just keep turning the pages, I'm fine as I am.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Domestic (x)

lee fantôme

Lee had met his fair share of incivil drivers, jogging most mornings. Too engrossed with their fancy cars to mind the road, Lee was sure. Glancing at the handsome owner of the Ford parked beside his place, he'd been the distracted one for once.

#CinnPrompt #LeeFantôme #RareMeat (x)

ossuary

“Talk about churches falling on half a hundred granmothers during mass,” Will commented, eyes fixed on the elaborate ceiling. Bones and nails in an intricate design of Hannibal's liking. “This might even beat your creepy centerpieces after all.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Ossuary (x)

canon reunion

Resting beside Hannibal in front of the Primavera, Will briefly admired his scratches and injuries, his beaming smile, his unfading composure. He was unfairly collected, considering his face was a wreck like Will's.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

dominant

Hannibal had said the wrong thing, or rather the right thing, and Will had sprung. Their conversation about killers and ethics abruptly turned into an aggression, a rapid dance, a stunning display of dominance. Hannibal welcomed it with open arms.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Dominant (x)

evening wedding

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Buddy is at his cousin's wedding. At the reception, he wanders over to a handsome stranger and asks if he's here for the groom or the bride. The answer is simple and, ultimately, confusing: "Neither."

#CinnPrompt #EveningWedding #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

enchanted clash

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

> “May I have a word?” the prince asked his valiant general in front of his court. Draco meekly followed him in a secluted room, waited for his Char to turn and secretly tell him, “I missed you. Kiss me.”
>
> #CinnPrompt #EnchantedClash #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

> Inspired by this nsfw gifset

little mermaid

The first thing Eric saw, upon regaining consciousness, were seashells. Big, well-defined, surrounded with impressively thich chest hair.
“Uhm,” was his very intelligent comment, while the creature that had saved his life raptly caressed his hair, ear and face. Eric stared back. (x)

Humans were fragile beings, not provided with exoskeletons nor branchiae. Definitely not supposed to survive a storm, unlike sea creatures. But Hannibal had felt gracious enough to save the fair, beautiful biped lying on the strand, hoping it would be perceived as an act of God. (x)

flight

It had been kind of Hannibal to offer his shoulder for Will to lean on, instead of letting him dangle sleepily beside him.
It had been polite of Will to refuse, asserting he wasn't as tired as he looked, just to flop on him halfway through the flight anyway.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal (x)

vampires

“So,” Will asked, cautious, “am I your bride from now on?”
Blood still dripped on the white, expensive shirt Hannibal had purchased for his becoming. The ancient vampire planned to keep it as a memento. “You've been mine for a long time, my dear.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Vampire (x)

Will would have loved to hear exactly in what measure Hannibal thought of owning him. “I changed you as much as you've changed me, if not more,” he retorted. “I just don't require as much blood to be spilled or consumed to state my claim.”
Hannibal just beamed at his statement. (x)

basic chicken

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Some nights Adam entertained himself with carefree sex or affordable alcohol. He didn't much like to work for either, just went to a bar and eye the selection. Sometimes, someone promising was interested.

#CinnPrompt #BasicChicken #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

pregnancy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will seemed elated and disbelieving at once, handing him the pregnancy test. Their previous attempts never succeeded. Not until now.
“Well, that’s a surprise,” Hannibal agreed, uncapable of hiding his joy.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Omegaverse (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this cute gifset

summer love

He was so beautiful it made Elias uncomfortable. The kind of carefree handsomeness that so often was associated to confident individuals lacking talents or merits. Elias often stared at him longingly before Adam reminded him they were an actual couple and he was allowed to touch. (x)

venice

“Be careful on the steps,” Hannibal warned, helping him onto the swinging gondola they had rented. He had promised Will all the undignifying, touristy stuff, before leading Will through the hidden, secret places the famed city on water had to offer.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Venice (x)

hanahaki

“He's been coughing pink petals now and again lately,” Alana confessed to Will during one of her amicable visits, understandably worried.
“Unrequited love,” Will explained, although he could hardly believe anyone wouldn't reciprocate such a man.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Hanahaki (x)

husband

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

> “May I get dressed, husband?” he politely inquired, drawing Will's attention from his naked, wet body. Hannibal enjoyed calling him that particular name, indulged in that small pleasure whenever he got the change.
> Will, on his part, seemed likewise pleased.
>
> #CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

fem will's hair

She wore it short and unkept before her psychiatrist decided to frame her. It kept growing while she was imprisoned. She hated every single hair, but could see how much Dr. Lecter was in fact liking it that way. When she finally got out, growing it became part of her seduction. (x)

tarzan

Will hadn't expected an uncivilized man to appear during his exploration tour. It was evident from the stranger's espression that his presence gave likewise rise to great perplexity.
Will could feel his clinging curiosity, his clear intelligence, as well as his murderous nature. (x)

After having familiarized himself with the feral creature's odd behaviour as much as Will was likely to accomplish, their reciprocal knowledge became... quite intimate.
The professor hadn't known about his own attitude for living in the wild, but he supposed he was suited for it. (x)

clam fight

Imagine Hannibal serving Will clams, still alive and struggling, striving to somehow inspire him. Will thinks he's doing something similar to what he did in Italy with Bedelia, but he's so wrong. Hannibal is subtly challenging him into fighting with their tongues “for dominance.” (x)

gardening

Hannibal's keen interest in gardening increased after a particularly hot morning, when Will exhumed the pink shorts from his wardrobe. He hadn't really thought much about them, until Hannibal began staring. It was the ultimate reckoning Will had promised him so many years before. (x)

fancy

He wore the simplest, most eye-catching dress in the room, a string of pearls adorned his hair and followed the sinuous line of his spine. His lower back tantalizingly visible. His elbows naked and vulnerable. Hannibal didn't know him. A predicament which needed to be rectified. (x)

“You happen to distract me with your intense look,” Will said in a low, conspiratorial whisper once the fine gentleman that had admired at him from afar the whole evening finally approached him, slow and cautious. “Wouldn't want to misunderstand your attention for interest, sir.” (x)

voyeurism

“Ha-Hannibal,” Will stuttered around his wet fingers, one hand against the door to sustain himself and the other over Hannibal's, around his own length. “They'll hear us.”
“Let them,” Hannibal merely responded. “I'm sure they'll enjoy this as much as you.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

The guests Hannibal had invited were in fact prepared for a scandalous interlude to happen in a different room. They were most certainly not expecting an acustic performance that would leave them unable to look their hosts in the eyes afterwards without blushing. (x)

winter coffee

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Duncan introduced Will to that infamous “winter coffee” of his one lazy morning, snow outside covering the landscape in white. It tasted good, if admittedly not ideal of breakfast. In return for his trouble Will introduced him to morning cuddles.

#CinnPrompt #KaiserGram #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

ring

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Under the pretence of practicing nail reconstruction, Jimmy politely asked for her hand. Chiyoh was his hand model, had been for the longest time, she anticipated the moment when a ring eventually circled her finger.

#CinnPrompt #Chimmy #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this cute gifset

orphanage

Hannibal knew, deep inside, he wouldn't be stuck in his manson-turned-prison for the rest of his life. He couldn't help fiercely hating it, but he would get out. Perhaps even take with him the skinny boy that seemed to dislike the place just as ferociously.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal (x)

sounding

“I don't know if I'll want to scream at some point,” Will said before they started. It had been his idea to explore that practice, to ask for Hannibal's compliance. He still wasn't regretting his decision. “And maybe that's just fine.” Hannibal covered his mouth for good measure. (x)

spacesuit

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was a certain excitement in Adam's voice when he'd called and asked Nigel to come over. Shortly after, Nigel was greeted at his place by the most realistic spacesuit ever. He was intrigued.
“What have you got under this suit of yours, star?”

#CinnPrompt #Spacedogs #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

spandex

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The ad had been clear about dress code including a lot of spandex. Grigg hadn't questioned the request, merely complied with it.
He didn't regret his decision. “Nice outfit, gorgeous,” greeted his handsome blind date, “let me take it off you soon.”

#CinnPrompt #Griggel #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

merman & fisherman

It was bold of a fisherman to venture into such unwelcoming waters, Hannibal mused. Perhaps he was simply lost and needed to find his way out. It would have been impolite of Hannibal to turn and let him wander in the fog without offering assistance.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Mermen (x)

target

His target was in his thirties, average looking; a cancer survivor. His target liked wine and men, and seemed particularly interested in bulky, hirsute individuals.
He was taking his time with Lee Fallon, found himself enjoying his bright smile.

#CinnPrompt #LeeFantôme #RareMeat (x)

twink space boyfriend

Adam rarely regrets his impulsive purchase. Shirts too short or jeans too tight to wear at work, he always finds proper ways to use for other purposes.
Even in plain lingerie, Adam feels like Elias thinks he's too unbearably alluring to resist.

#CinnPrompt #BasicChicken #RareMeat (x)

handsome stranger

Lee Fallon dislikes driving. Too many car accidents each year, not ideal for going out and getting wasted, so his car mostly gathers dust in the garage.
So when Lee finds a handsome stranger sitting on it, he wonders what's to be done about that.

#CinnPrompt #LeeFantôme #RareMeat (x)

new teacher

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There's a new teacher at school. Nick knows there's little to be done about his shy nature and clouded past, but there's something sad in his smile, something kind in his manners. Something Nick would like to address for himself, given the chance.

#CinnPrompt #CoachHunt #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

true cocksman

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

> “I'm sorry Mr Fallon,” the priest apologised, dipping a biscuit in his tea, “our dear Gunnar's trying to recover from his alcohol addiction, we don't keep wine in the house.”
> Lee smiled at that. “Guess I'll find something else to fill my mouth then.”
>
> #CinnPrompt #Leevan #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

ball gag

It had been Will's explicit request to be gagged, as well as tied to their bed. Hannibal would have never obstructed his voluptuous mouth with such an undeserving piece of plastic. Not if his own penis could do just as fine in the same circumstances.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Nsfw (x)

irreverent

“Put it down,” Will warned, eyeing the foot peering out over his shoulder.
“Or what?” Hannibal retorted, challenging. He looked rather comfortable.
Will turned to position himself between his parted legs. “Or I'll raise the other one on my shoulder as well,” he said. (x)

he wet

It started out as a trick, Will had been fantasizing of soaking Hannibal in his bed for a while now, just like the man had let Will lie in his drenched bed, brain slowly boiling in his skull. Neither expected Will to get excited at the sight. Hannibal slept in his bed that night. (x)

familiar

When Will saw Hannibal's imposing familiar for the first time, he found it oddly congruent with its owner. A magnificent creature of the night, elegant and lethal. Will shouldn't have been able to see it, not if Hannibal himself hadn't so desired.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Familiar (x)

collared

Collars are hard and uncomfortable, conspicuous and unconducive for his health. He wears them nevertheless with utmost devotion, hiding them under a turtlenecks and his best poker face.
A mathematical genius above the sheets, a lustful creature underneath. (x)

authograph

“May I have your autograph in my room, please?”
Hannibal was temporary surprised by Mr Graham's suggestive request. He hadn't known one of his favourite crime novelist was indeed a fan of his own books.
“You may, if you let me in your room at all.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Writers (x)

the bitch

Alas, there was no one else available for that mission, so Will had to take matters into your own hands. He usually tracked down targets and let his colleagues handle the gruesome part, but Hannibal had insisted he dirtied himself from time to time. So Will obliged, took his fun. (x)

primavera

“Did you,” Will looked around himself, puzzled. “Have you done anything suspicious since you arrived?”
With the most innocent expression Hannibal could conjure, he turned towards Will and answered, “I don't know whatever you're talking about?”
Blood was dripping from his sleeve. (x)

mount roraima

Because Hannibal was fundamentally unable to forgive, Will often found himself visiting places where cliffs were basically the main tourist attraction. First the “Tafelberg” in South Africa, then “Moher” in Ireland. And now this. The pattern wasn't subtle.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

harpyball

Will has no idea how Hannibal managed to sink his beak into raw meat, actually wonders if his small stomach can digest it, but the bird-shaped creature did, and Will considers suppressing it instead of feeding him more of the same. Unfortunately, Will is also rather fond of him. (x)

pegging

“We've talked about this,” Alana whispered at Will before entering the conference room where Freddie Lounds waited for them.
She had accepted to help Will with probably the most unorthodox form of therapy she ever administered, and the progress in Will's behaviour was undeniable. (x)

Will had shuddered at her reminder, felt her gaze lingering on his body until he meekly lowered his own. The fading prints of her sharp heel on his spine from the previous night.
Alana entered, Will stared. Jack followed, oblivious of their agreement, merely enjoying the benefit. (x)

little push

Will had been subtly stealing furtive glances at his derriere quite often lately, Hannibal noticed. In fact, he anticipated the profiler to act upon his instinct soon. Ultimately grew impatient with his irresolution and gave Will that little push he needed.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

induced rut

The last coherent comment Hannibal formuled, before Will stripped before his eyes, was, “Is your wife aware of this?”
His nostrils were filled with Will's delicious pheromones, his mouth already salivating helplessly. Hannibal almost didn't catch the answer. “She's aware enough.” (x)

even steven

When your paramour makes your adopted daughter disappear and frames you for her murder, and then doesn't understand why would you get upset about it.
So upset you start plotting ways to sabotage his marriage proposal. ‘Even Steven’ couple therapy.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Therapy (x)

eldritch

It was typical of humans to assume their forms of affection were universal. That a kind touch could compete with mutual protection, or a passionate kiss with provisions during a period of drought. Some monsters knew gentleness more intimately than certain humans could ever hope. (x)

good to me

Will found the knife in the kitchen, invitingly left unsupervised while Hannibal gathered basil outside. Will picked it up, waited for his return. Sat him on the floor with a commanding stare, straddle him, and only then drew the blade to his throat. His eyes practically shining. (x)

nya

Hannibal knew about Will's habit of wandering into the woods for long hours, it wasn't unheard of for stray cats like him to suffer prolonged enclosure. Hannibal always welcomed him back with a glass of warm milk and a soft smile for his feral boy.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #CatWill (x)

Hannibal, on the other hand, much preferred to hunt in selected urban environments. He'd learned that humans were in fact rather amusing preys to play with, deserving of his fangs and claws more than his respect. He hoped Will would agree with his perspective on reality in time. (x)

What did surprise Hannibal was Will's uncommon penchant for canids of different breeds and sizes. His cat nature would have dictated to distance himself from such creatures, yet oftentimes Will preferred to lie in a pile of stinking dogs instead of Hannibal's bed, to his chagrin. (x)

punishment

Hannibal circled around his seat, lazy steps to better encompass Will's form with his attentive gaze. “Is it really punishment if you enjoy every single straining second of it?“ He enjoyed far too much Will's dry retorts to occlude his mouth. “It's worse on you than it is on me.” (x)

edging

Running his fingers through Hannibal's chest hair, holding his heavy, leaking cock with a sure grip, feeling his warmth and his moans and his shivers at every stroke, Will wondered however had he missed Hannibal's penchant for edging and his eagerness to let himself come undone. (x)

office “hate” sex

When dear Will offhandedly announced his intention to resume therapy under his supervision, Hannibal hadn't expected their encounters would involve quite intimate methods to relieve stress. Nor for his wooden ladder to get involved in the process.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Therapy (x)

disillusioned

She might have walked away. She might have returned the officer's gracious nod with a wary expression and hushedly confess, “I'm being held hostage, he's in my room.” The man would have been eager to rescue her.
She didn't. She had stopped deluding herself.

#CinnPrompt #Bedelia (x)

summoned

His students were reaching alarming levels of incomprehensibility, if Will summoned arcane monsters in his living room in the attempt of reading aloud their Latin misquotes. Hannibal, the arcane demon in question, was appalled by his pronunciation.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Demon (x)

still beautiful

Will's injuried shoulder distressed him enormously, on a dayly basis. He couldn't shower, couldn't move freely, couldn't even eat on his own if not with Hannibal's assistance. It was temporary, but Hannibal took his duties very seriously.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #ItsStillBeautiful (x)

chocolate

Lecter chocolate bars were the finest on the market, exquisitely combined with hints of coffee and covered in caramel. Jack would know, it was his most sold brand.
Graham pralines, with their unconventional flavour, weren't much popular instead.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal #Chocolate (x)

kindergarten

Alana had been a kindergarten teacher long enough to know just how far from sweet and cute children could be, but she had to admit little Will and Hannibal were outright unbearable. “They're adorable when they're together,” she once said to Jack, “in their admittedly creepy way.” (x)

agreement

They had an agreement. Will could lie in bed and touch himself, if Hannibal got to finish him. Except that Will wasn't always prone to comply. “Got a little impatient,” he declared, unapologetic, spent on their sheets. “What's to be done about that?”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Nsfw (x)

Without losing his composure, Hannibal approached the bed and gingerly sat on the wrinkled linens. “You know our deal, Will. I end what you start,” he merely stated, suggestively caressing Will's inner thigh, his supple cheeks, his soft penis. “So you better get hard very soon.” (x)

stockings

“They suit you,” Adam had been told several times while wearing high heels and long, translucent stockings. “I know,” he usually answered with a knowing smirk. The attention never bothered him, but he had no need for flattery. Adam knew he could have anyone he wanted at his feet. (x)

sorry my dear

Hannibal wasn't really sorry as he professed, Will knew. He was too intent on enjoying the sight of blood and wounds on his face to worry about freeing him from his bounds and, eventually, dressing himself.
Not that Will minded at that point, since Hannibal was keeping him warm. (x)

roommates

“Immodest, ain't you,” Galahad laments, flustered, upon coming home from his long shift at the Round Table, hoping to shower the smell of beer and sweat before meeting his roommate. No such luck of course, Tristan lies spread on their cough perhaps even more languidly than usual. (x)

Uncaring for his bitter remark, Tristan doesn't even try to compose himself. “Welcome home, pup,” he says, knowing full well how much that bothers Galahad, “I was waiting for you.” There's a mischievous glint in his eyes.
It occurs to Galahad that his attire might be deliberate. (x)

sick days

“It's just a flu Hannibal, you survived much worse,” Will assuaged him at the first signs of his sickness. “I'll take care of you, don't worry.”
When Will got ill a week later and Hannibal used the same words to soothe him, Will didn't feel reassured.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Sick (x)

wedding

“Are you sure you don't prefer something less,” Will struggled to find the appropriate word, “decadent?”
Hannibal seemed entirely pleased with their verdant, unconsecrated location. “This is just the right amount of decadence I require, my dear.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Wedding (x)

petal-soft

He threasured the sheer intimacy that followed their intercourses. Char's light fingers running through his chest hair, his low, petal-soft whispers against his ear and his blind eye. His plush lips covering his own. “Stay still,” his prince said, “let me lavish you with cuddle.” (x)

afterlife

“I suppose I better call you Hades from now on,” Will inquired, unsurprised to find Hannibal was the actual god of the underworld. “Or my Lord.”
“That won't be necessary,” Hannibal replied. “I'm content with you by my side in whatever capacity.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Afterlife (x)

galahad the pure

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It always elicited a private smirk on Tristan's face to hear his fellow knights call Galahad “the pure,” teasingly chanting about his vows and supposed virginity.
Tristan knew there was nothing remotely pure about the way Galahad looked at him.

#CinnPrompt #Tristahad #RareMeat (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

intimate

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

However convoluted their conversations, however hurtful or enlightening their words, Will never suspected they could reach a higher level of intimacy with just the sound of their laboured breaths.
Hannibal, on the other hand, had no doubt about that.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Nsfw (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

jewelry

The killer had a penchant for jewels, covered her victims in gold and pearls and precious stones. Will was seeking to establish a connection through those artful, sparkling displays when he found a familiar jaw above an intricate chest composition.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Jewelry (x)

After the discovery, Will couldn't thing of confronting Hannibal about the beautiful display the man had done of himself years before that moment. Instead Will wondered if he was appreciating the aesthetic pleasure of toned muscles under fine ornaments as the killer's eyes would. (x)

father hannibal

“Father, forgive me,” a male voice said from the other side of his confessional, briefly followed by the sound of a zipper getting pulled down, “for I'm about to sin.”
Not the first time a penitent sinned in Hannibal's church, he mused, nor the last.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal #Priest (x)

“It's what Father Hannibal does,” Sister Bedelia confessed to Will as he'd confronted her outside of the church. “Has he ever tried to persuade you to sin? He will,” she warned. “And it will make you feel miserable and powerful. And you will enjoy every second.” She knew it well. (x)

marlana

Upon seeing Mason's latest psychiatrist, beautiful in her red coat and charming smile, Margot knew she'd been doomed to a long, leisure walk in the path of perdition for the foreseeable future.
She didn't know the psychiatrist had been similarly appreciative.

#CinnPrompt #Marlana (x)

solo will

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will would have liked to claim it had been a regular wet dream that woke him half-delirious with desire.
Coffee helped clear his mind, reminded him to let the dogs out before resuming where he'd left off, but his fantasies had never been that simple.

#CinnPrompt #WillGraham #Solo (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

adult hannibal & child will

Alana was specialized in family trauma, had a gentle touch and enough kindness to spare with children. The young, fragile boy still refused to utter a word in Hannibal's absence and to loosen his grip on the suit jacket the good doctor had covered him with.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal (x)

The first person Will talked to about what happened couldn't be anyone who was there when it happened, Alana's reasons were sound. It would be detrimental for his recovery to let Hannibal handle his therapy.
But the boy had such a fierce gaze, the good doctor adopted him instead. (x)

predatory acts

Hannibal could argue all he wanted that hunting and fishing were two sides of the same coin, both predatory acts held their charms and he was well versed in both the former and the latter. Will knew better. Hannibal would never enjoy the seduction as much as Abigail and himself. (x)

slipping in the shower

Perhaps it had been the blood loss or a temporary dizzyness, maybe Hannibal had been weaker than Will had presumed. Even wet and covered in blood and aching all over, that still was the most endearing setting involving the two of them, and Will wouldn't have had it any other way. (x)

undine will

The first time, Hannibal had been 10 and nearly starved. It had been entirely understandable to doubt his young, clouded mind when a water being approached him and saved his life. The second time, Hannibal was 50 and recognized the creature in Will Graham.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

imperturbable

There was something mechanical about Hannibal's measured moves, his methodical swipes.
Something stoic, as if he'd been perturbed my Will's admission regarding Alana.
But it seemed utterly inverosimile that Will's words could affect Hannibal in any capacity.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal (x)

light from friendship

Still caught in the aftershock of his orgasm, Will barely understood Hannibal's mocking words. He felt oddly at peace, blessedly senseless. He didn't feel like snarling back.
“I don't know about you, but it wasn't frienship that knocked me out like a light just now,” he retorted. (x)

murder honeymoon

Will sent the picture immediately, before he could change his mind. Hannibal usually appreciated his spur-of-the-moment decisions, even encouraged them, but Will had never ventured on possibly salacious waters.
“Conveniently short,” Hannibal's reply read. “Is this an invitation?” (x)

lab rats

For the better part of his internship, Hannibal had admired him from afar, secluded in his cramped cage labelled “Exp. W11-00GR4H4M” with limited food, limited air, limited human contact. It had finally come the time to release the unique creature within.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

the gift

“I want it cooked, Hannibal,” Will states, adjusting his glasses while nonchalance. “Slowly simmered for three seasons in Bedelia's pink wine and Dimmond's warm blood, marinated in your tears for three years beforehand.” He didn't wait for a reply, and Hannibal smiled helplessly. (x)

nibelungenlied

He slew the dragon with his hand, and bathed in its dark blood, that his skin became as horn, and no weapon could cut him, as hath been proven on him oftentimes. Many coveted his gift, some took advance of his goodwill, but he remained true to himself until the end of his life. (x)

abducted

Will had always been a respectful fisherman, not greedy nor cruel. He never had trouble from merpeople, never befriended any to be fair, until one particularly insistent merman decided he was the perfect mate to court during the mating season and abducted him.

#CinnPrompt #Merman (x)

“At a time when other men fear their isolation, you seek it in the vastness of the sea,” the aquatic creature told him. “You are alone because you are unique, and I'm as alone as you are.”
Will distrusted the sharp teeth in his mouth, but couldn't deny the truth in his words. (x)

tenderness

There are merits to the peaceful sight of Will Graham, languid and pliant, prettily bleeding in the warm water, soaking in the tepid sunlight of the late afternoon. Hannibal almost forgets about the electric saw in the adjacent room while tending to his wounds.

#CinnPrompt #Dolce (x)

delusional

Imagine Alana or Jack looking at the scene, maybe realising for the first time how much these two behave like they've been together for years and the break up really didn't go well 🔪 (x)

“Freddie's a lot of things, Jack,” Alana says, thinking about the conversation she entertained with the journalist, when she still saw the best in Hannibal, “but delusional has never been one of them.” (x)

lithuanian count and his loyal houndmaster

Neither the count nor his houndmaster knew exactly when their little outings became less about the prey they were after and more about their long, edifying conversation. When the silence lingered and their mouths sought met for the first time. Maybe that was just fine with both. (x)

run away with him

“I would have taken you away with me,” Hannibal whispered. “I would have kissed you with my lips instead of the blade of my knife, I would have given you a beautiful family and a whole world to conquer and bathe in blood.”
Will knew. “But I wasn't ready.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

danger

Humans feared what they didn't know, Will had been told. He'd seen many doctors attempt to contain him, trembling hands and fearful eyes, and fail miserably. They rarely tried to understand his nature, his power, called him dangerous, until Hannibal came along.

#CinnPrompt #Alien (x)

flexible

Hannibal had been stretching a lot after the fall. “I'm not young anymore,” he admitted after having caught Will's inquiring gaze.
He'd been staring at Hannibal often enough lately.
One evening, Will found him stretching naked on his bed. He looked plenty flexible for his age. (x)

“It might have been too subtle,” Hannibal began, coyly looking at Will from above his bare shoulder, “but my previous assessment was an invitation to act before I get any older.”
Instead of finding an appropriate retort to his taunt, Will joined him and began stretching himself. (x)

dick size difference

“I've never been one to compare my dick around,” the prince said, sweat running down his temple, “but I'm glad I get to reap the benefits of your,” he stopped. Seemed to think about what to say, coyly avoiding the use of further foul language. “Shall we call it remarkable girth?” (x)

feverish

Since Lecter visited him that afternoon, smelling of that overwhelming scent of his, Will had resisted the urge to touch himself, alphan hormones saturating his lungs.
Hannibal had looked to pleased to see him, the omega had felt like preening.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Omegaverse (x)

After a while, Will's feeble whines prompted Chilton himself to leave his office to check on his febrile delirium.
“Should I call him back?” he asked, knowing full well Will wouldn't appreciate the suggestion. In fact, he gritted his teeth and harshly retorted, “Don't you dare.” (x)

more titanic

Detective Graham is tasked to shed some light on a serie of suspicious disappearances of both first and second class passengers happening aboard the Titanic.
When Will finds out that head chef Hannibal Lecter is the culprit, the ocean liner proves to be not unsinkable after all. (x)

local priest graham

“I was so blind,” Will reproached himself, seeing Hannibal's corpse approaching him, staring at him with hollow, empty eyes. Will had seen him hanging from a rope, had wept for his innocence and for his loss.
“In your defense,” Hannibal noticed, “I worked very hard to blind you.” (x)

drama queen hannibal

Will had been so worried to see his murderous cannibal covered in wounds, he didn't immediately realise Hannibal was all too cheerful for a dying man. “Did you just get an erection?”
Unfazed, Hannibal said, “Difficult to avoid.”
Maybe he wasn't bleeding that profusely after all. (x)

one night stand turns out to be their child's teacher

“C'mon girl, go to Bev,” Will told Abigail without taking his eyes off the man that after school escorted her out with the rest of her class. He recognised those big hands and unique cheekbones. “Your new teacher and I need to talk,” he said. “Adult stuff.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

spanking

Sir Lecter had callous, precise hands. The thin veins on his strong forearms where perfectly visible whenever he rolled up his sleeves before delivering a good spanking.
It became a conditioned reflex for Will to get aroused at the mere sight of them.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Nsfw (x)

Admittedly, Will hadn't submitted to the infamous Dom's care by his own choice, rather Lecter had come to him and gently coaxed in him the desire to be praised, to be good for someone other than himself. To take, without resisting, the good and the bad, the slaps and the kisses. (x)

teacher kink

Without mincing words, Hannibal was brilliant. Always prepared, always accurate, always interested in the subject.
His only flaw lied in finding his teacher inappropriately interesting as soon as the lesson ended, which conversely made Will wonder what exactly was wrong with him. (x)

mythological creatures

Will hadn't known exactly what Hannibal Lecter was, beside not human, but he doubted it was customary for whatsoever creature to appear at one's door unannounced, bearing breakfast and asking for permission to enter.
Will was sure he wasn't a simple vampire.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal (x)

dirty talking in multiple languages

Will knows English, maybe Cajun and some basic Spanish, and when Hannibal uses unfathomable words to compliment him, he just accepts that his partner is a pretentious linguistic mess.
But when Will does catch Hannibal's filthy poetry, they end up making love quite passionately. (x)

policeman will

Kinks work two ways. If Hannibal salivates at the sight of Will in a police uniform, Will learns to love the appreciation that comes with those intent looks. He wasn't into roleplaying his own job, until Hannibal.
So of course Will buys a different uniform for their meetings. (x)

eat me up

“Eat me, Hannibal,” Will said, pliant and sinuous on soft linens, naked and languid.
Hannibal had never seen him so docile. He frowned at the display. “Will, wait,” he tried to buy himself some time.
“Don't keep me waiting too long,” Will warned, “or I'll be the one to eat you.” (x)

vampire hannibal

“Let me bite you, Will,” a dark shadow with a familiar accent awoke him from his much-needed sleep.
It had been a while since Hannibal was imprisoned in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane Vampires. “Should I say pretty please?”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Vampire (x)

undercover

“You know I hate it when you smoke,” Will whispered after a long, tense silence. He wasn't pleased.
“It's part of my cover,” Hannibal answered, deeply inhaling one last drag of smoke. “I must be coherent, my dear.”
His husband was indeed very particular about how Hannibal tasted. (x)

tetherball

It had taken Will Graham long afternoons to ultimate the structure that would entertain their dogs indefinitely, for hours or days.
He often admired them playing with a smug smile, and Hannibal admired him from their kitchen while absently washing dishes.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

italian affair

They meet in Florence, just strangers walking a downtown street crowded with tourists and indolent art students.
Will knows at first glance he's looking at a disreputable man in a sharp suit and expensive shoes, but the darkness in those intent eyes still catches Will's interest. (x)

blood nursing

It felt a little bit like lactation, having Will's mouth on himself, rough tongue rasping on his sensitive flesh. He was indeed nurturing his progeny.
Will didn't seem to mind the reaction his deed was arousing in any case, so Hannibal lay still and offered more skin to pierce. (x)

doctor graham

“Pure empathy,” Hannibal said. “Doctor Graham can assume your point of view, or mine, or that of his patients, and diagnose a disease based on the symptoms he experiences on his own skin.”
A sickening, uncomfortable gift if Hannibal ever heard one.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Doctors (x)

Jack Crawford, Head of the Baltimore hospital, had noticed Will Graham's unusually high rate of success. There always were lives at risk in their field, it was his job to push his subordinate to do his utmost, even at the expense of the discomfort it caused to the doctor himself. (x)

Jack introduced Doctor Lecter as a colleague from the Johns Hopkins, but Will noticed his cashmere shirt was devoid of wrinkles, rather far-fetched for someone used to work double shifts in their profession.
Lecter would assist him, Jack said, and Will knew he was a psychiatrist. (x)

sorbet

“What do you see, Doctor,” Will inquired, tapping lightly the table where photos of his crime scenes were spread wide.
Hannibal barely refrained from answering he saw himself bent on it with his trousers lowered and Will likewise undressed behind him.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Nsfw (x)

lamplighter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will Graham lights the lamps on the road every night. It's a dangerous, ungrateful job. Not many linger when it's dark outside, but he's dutiful in his work.
Looking at him, Hannibal wonders if the man is secretly comfortable with the darkness.
#CinnPrompt #Hannibal #Lamplighter (x)

Hannibal enjoys the half-light, the gradual transition from dusk into night, feels particularly attuned to the soul that dares opposing to its becoming.
He's familiar with the notion. Death every night and rebirth every morning. He just prefers to actively partake in the process. (x)

If the man feels observed, he shows no interest in the stranger frequently staring at him.
Will Graham is famed for his private nature, which Hannibal finds a suitable trait for a lamplighter.
He's also rather observant, if rumors are to be trusted, and Hannibal can believe that. (x)

["You bring light to my world, Will."]

Hannibal can immediately tell that Mr Graham has heard the line before, perhaps addressed to someone else if not himself. That doesn't prevent a light blush from covering the tip of his ears.
The man may ascribe his endearing flush to the biting cold of the night, but he doesn't. (x)

Chapter End Notes

Now with art by Clovertea ❀

actor and stuntman

Hannibal Lecter was a famed, talented actor, Anthony Dimmond played supporting characters at most. He just so happened to favor roles that required a stuntman, one discreet Will Graham, and it so happened that Hannibal greatly enjoyed seeing Will under strain.

#CinnPrompt #Actors (x)

chronically late

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

> “Romanians are notorious for always being late,” Nigel had advised him when they started dating. Will hadn't believed him, but changed his mind over time.
> He still thought the long wait was worth being pinned on the bed by his well-endowed lover.
>
> #CinnPrompt #RareMeat #DogsDogs (x)

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by this nsfw gifset

painter and model

Hannibal, notorious Renaissance painter, sees a man of rare beauty from afar and, inspired by his angelic features, asks him if he could pose for a painting.
He doesn't reveal that he might need to get him mostly naked and to pierce his skin once or twice.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

Will doesn't even know in detail about the Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian until he finds himself tied to a decaying tree, more than a little narcotized, with an arrow through his dominant arm and one elsewhere.
Lacking the armpits hair he expressively forbade Hannibal from shaving. (x)

hashtag

It happens by chance during one of his browsing sessions, as he monitors his own name mentioned online.
He doesn't expect to find it romantically associated with Will Graham through a hashtag.
He has questions, of course, but he's not displeased.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #IFDrabble (x)

valentine's dread

Hannibal doesn't even acknowledge it's Valentine's Day until late evening, when he brings Will a hot chocolate instead of his usual drink after dinner.
Will screams internally, he should have anticipated Hannibal would be that kind of bastard.
(x)

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Valentines

unnecessary self-conscious

Sometimes Hannibal felt a touch self-conscious about his chest, knowing his partner had been dating women for the better part of thirty years. He had something to grab, but perhaps not enough.
Will didn't know, of course. He was entirely taken with the equipment at his disposal. (x)

“I'm surprised,” Will was often addressed by a former colleague or an acquaintance. “I thought you were straight.”
“I was,” Will would answer. “Mostly.”
“Don't you miss the,” the boldest would ask, gesture.
Will would privately smirk. Hannibal had never deprive him of a pleasure. (x)

chocolate dogs

Aiden liked watching Nigel.
His powerful arms, his hirsute chest, his tattooed neck.
He also enjoyed the sight on his long fingers wrapped around his perfect cock.
Nigel indulged his ravenous eyes. He knew Aiden would volunteer to catch his spent in his mouth if he took his time. (x)

Nigel liked being watched.
He hadn't experienced the thrill of pleasuring himself as an act of pure performance for his previous wife, but Aiden had shown him there was beauty to be found in his rough hands and hard lines.
And Nigel was at his weakest before such worshipful eyes. (x)

soft and warm

The softest and warmest.
They just touch briefly, tentatively. It happens almost by chance.
Except that nothing happens by chance between them.
One leans a bit too forward, the other doesn't quite avoid him in time, and so they just brush their lips.
And don't stop for a while. (x)

bunny boys

They formed a formidable duo, the so-called “murder husbands.”
It had taken the longest time for Jack to find someone suitable for Will's particular brand of performance, but when Alana suggested to partner him with Hannibal for a night shift, he knew his search was finally over. (x)

Much had been said about Will's dance, fierce and rough at the edges, ultimately unfit for the customers that attended Jack's nightclub, but none had ever suggested to counterbalance it with sinuous moves and elegant gestures.
Hannibal works well with Will. A killer combination. (x)

The first rule of the house, Hannibal had been told during rehearsals, was that customers weren't allowed to touch them.
Fair enough, he had thought, but looking at Will's graceful execution he wondered whether the dancers were allowed to touch each other during the performance. (x)

Will tended to prefer working alone. His technique required a degree of coordination that few possessed.
Hannibal had seen him and understood the rumors about him. An unstable technique.
He had found it beautiful nonetheless, enough to accord his own with it and follow his lead. (x)

doms

The real question, when Hannibal gently offers Will a glass of red wine and Will oh-so-readily accepts it, fingers briefly touching on the crystal stem, is who is really servicing whom?
And the answer to that question, one could argue, would be “yes.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Dom (x)

murder honeymoon

His deft hands slowly unbuttoned Hannibal's shirt, parted it on his chest, slid it from his broad shoulders. Smeared warm blood from their victim on the white, expensive fabric.
“That shirt costs 400$,” Hannibal pointed out.
Will didn't seem particularly shocked. “See if I care.” (x)

companionable silence

Will knew Hannibal was capable of composing beautiful pieces for harpsichord and piano, clever fingers on white and black keys. An exquisite musician.
It still astonished him that Hannibal could turn silence as well into the most companionable performance.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

jealous

“I kissed Alana Bloom,” Will sentenced brushing his coat, studiously not meeting Hannibal's eyes.
Hannibal frowned at the inexplicable unease elicited by the admission. “Well,” he automatically offered, “come in.”
Never in his life had the man ever felt so intensely vexed before. (x)

“I don't remember having given you permission to go outside,” Will peremptory stated upon Hannibal's return, grocery bag in the crook of his arm.
Hannibal frowned, “I don't remember asking for it.”
Will didn't seem pleased with that. “Can't stay away from your future victim, uh?” (x)

intoxicating

There was something compelling in deriving a certain knowledge directly from another person's scent. Something primal and undoubtedly truthful about it.
Sometimes thought, the pleasure of knowing was soured by external causes.
“I really must introduce you to a finer aftershave.” (x)

luscious

“I've given up good and evil for behaviorism,” Will said, glass stem lightly posed between his fingers, red wine still on the tip of his tongue.
He enjoyed its aroma, its fullness.
It was unfair that the sweetest wine he had ever tasted was to be found on Hannibal's dinner table. (x)

orange

His prison jumpsuit was rather bright, hard to miss in the crowd, but it was his personal scent that ultimately drew Hannibal's attention towards one of the corners of his own office mezzanine.
“Hello, Will,” Hannibal greeted. “How are you feeling?”
“Self-aware,” was his answer. (x)

chocolate

Will crossed his arms on his bare chest, abruptly self-conscious. “This suddenly doesn't look appealing anymore.” At Hannibal's raised eyebrow, he continued. “Just doesn't sound like a good idea.”
“Don't worry yourself,” Hannibal reassured him. “I melted it at room temperature.” (x)

reincarnation

“Achilles wished all Greeks would die, so that he and Patroclus could conquer Troy alone,” Hannibal casually noted, finger lightly moving graphite powder from his beautiful, meaningful illustration. “Took divine intervention to bring them down.”
Will stalled, rapt, contemplative. (x)

delirious

“You came here alone,” Hannibal stated, steady, composed, eyeing the gun in Will's trembling hand. “Do you remember coming here?”
“No, please don't lie to me,” the man vehemently begged, desperately clinging to his beautiful, burning mind.
He was utterly stunning in his distress. (x)

slick

“Office hours are for patients,” Hannibal reassured him. “My kitchen is always open to friends.”
With his untimely visit, Will had likely dragged Hannibal right out of the bed, but his hair still looked perfectly combed, impossibly smooth. Will fancied it silky soft to the touch. (x)

omega

The linens were soaked on Will's side of the bed.
“I'll fetch the spare set,” Hannibal offered, noncommittal.
Will just looked at him. “You know what this means, though,” he inquired.
“I'm due in two days, yes,” Hannibal confirmed.
Will had always been so receptive to his heats. (x)

resplendent

The full moon was bright enough to bathe Will's rumpled shirt in white light and his bloodied arms in dripping darkness.
“It really does look black in the moonlight,” he said, echoing Hannibal's previous words in reverent wonder, and the man couldn't help but stare at the sight. (x)

soft

There was an intrinsic sharpness to Nigel and his sometimes overtly brusque manners. His angular features, his rough hands, his hard stares when he postured.
But Adam still loved him, and was very much loved in turn, so Adam though the softness must have been hidden deep within. (x)

co-depentent

When Hannibal resurfaced from the unforgiving Atlantic waters, the bullet wound in his flank hadn't magically healed.
Neither had Will's injuries. Entire portions of his back in fact needed tending, even thought his damaged shoulder didn't help.
They learned to cope and delegate. (x)

goofy

Nigel had been looking at him with an inscrutable expression for the past twenty minutes, Aiden noticed.
Coincidentally as long as Vivian's baby had been babbling in his arms.
He stopped making gibberish noises. “What's the matter?”
“Nothing, just,” Nigel paused. “I'm impressed.” (x)

teeth i

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

> “Don't be scared,” Hannibal ensured him, gently caressing Will's sweaty cheek with infinite care. “I've done this before.”
> Will wasn't sure the thought comforted him. Logically, he knew he couldn't have been the first addition to Hannibal's vampire lineage, but the fear lingered. (x)

Chapter End Notes

> Bonus points to whoever catches the quote :>

wanting

Hospitals often left Will disquieted and oversensitive, with an unpleasant aftertaste on the back of his mouth.
Abigail's room was no less overwhelming, but the sight of Hannibal's light hand covering hers, kind and protective, inspired an almost unbearable ache in Will's chest. (x)

flaunt

After the umpteenth change of their identities, Hannibal had persuaded Will of the many benefits in posing as husbands in the long run.
Will had been wary, though also privately wishful.
He sure hadn't anticipated Hannibal would expose his faux wedding ring at every opportunity. (x)

eclairs~

“Oh, God,” Beverly couldn't refrain from uttering in the utter silence of Hannibal's closed bakery.
She hadn't believed Will, had demanded to see evidence, if there were any to found.
Will told her where to look, and she found it.
Unfortunately, her trespass didn't go unnoticed. (x)

garnish

Little to nothing in Will's mind compared to Hannibal's ability in embellishing even the most bland dish. Still, the flavor could hardly be improved after the plating.
“I can't believe it,” Will snickered, forkful midair. “You really didn't notice I swapped salt and sugar bowls.” (x)

garlic

“If you didn't want to make out, you just had to say so,” Lee plainly blunted out. He thought the dinner was meant as a romantic overture from his handsome Romanian neighbour, but maybe he was wrong.
Nigel, for his part, looked nonplussed. “What are you talking about, gorgeous.” (x)

the pact

It is said that the pact is successfully sealed only when water is poured over their heads by the master. Even Winston, last addition to be introduced in their pack, knows about it.
Still, Buster can't help but wonder where their master has found such a big, strange-looking dog. (x)

premarital handholding

Only for emergency situations.
Like when he asks “pretty please” with that frail voice of his, eyes averted but briefly meeting yours in vulnerable weariness, and you're not altogether capable of words, not entirely sure you could ever deny him.
Only then and not a second before. (x)

leave no marks

“You should learn to relax with yourself,” Hannibal said, taking his supple neck from behind and bringing it close to his mouth. Will extended it in a beautiful arch for him, obligingly.
“Just don't leave marks,” he pleaded.
But how could Hannibal refrain.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

sharing clothes

The morning after Will allowed Hannibal to ply him with wine and seduce him, his intent gaze had changed, turned perhaps less cautious. More predatory.
“Is that my shirt?” Hannibal inquired, already knowing the answer to his question.
Will didn't seem interested in returning it. (x)

green cupcake

Will, looking at the green apartment, nonplussed. “What is this architectural nonsense, Hannibal.”
“Don't you like it?”
“Yes, but I didn't know we were aiming for a 'Hansel and Gretel' remake here.” A pause. “You're taking this cannibalism lifestyle a step too far if you ask me.” (x)

general and captive

“Those are some severe bruises on your torso, Mr Graham,” Hannibal observe, placidly removing his gloves to sip his tea, privately enjoying the sight before his eyes.
“Wonder how I got 'em, sir?” his prisoner inquired, sarcastic.
The phlegmatic general knew the answer, of course. (x)

“I've been appraised of your tendency for misconduct,” Hannibal retorted. “I allowed my men to use force against you, if necessary.”
“So they were just following instructions,” the man snarled.
“Apparently, that wasn't enough,” Hannibal mused aloud. “What's to be done about you?” (x)

“you were very beautiful”

Will was probably referring to the part where he had lured their intended victim, taken his time to lower any suspicion. The sedation, the torture maybe, the slaughter afterwards. Will had gotten blood everywhere, contrary to Hannibal's directions, but that didn't seem to matter. (x)

looking

Hannibal looks wishful, mildly amused. A powerful reminder of when their places had been reverted, four years ago.
Will knows that the thick glass can't stop Hannibal from reaching into his mind, just like the bars of Will's cell hadn't stopped him during his own imprisonment. (x)

quarantened together

It surprised Jack to see Hannibal wandering around in Will's place during one of his virtual conference with the profiler.
“The quarantine caught us in a predicament,” Hannibal explained. “It seems I'll remain here for the foreseen future, Jack.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #COVID19 (x)

very close brothers

“Sometimes I wish we weren't brothers,” Adam admitted, seemingly out of nowhere. Will frowned, hummed interrogatively.
“Would be easier to,” he explained, eyes mischievous, before raising a hand and casually undoing another button from his shirt rather meaningfully. “You know.” (x)

[...]

There was something blasphemous about confessing such a daring truth, something fragile that required most delicate handling.
Adam wouldn't break under its weight, but Will wasn't so sure about himself. He still ventured eager fingers under his black, alluringly tight turtleneck. (x)

failed exorcism

The pad of his finger ran on Will's damp cheek, nail long enough to gouge his eyes if the demon so desired.
Fear and anticipation petrified Will, as the tip of something large and hot nudge against his entrance.
Slow, then more insistent.
He didn't know whom to pray for anymore. (x)

undressing after a night out

“What an interesting garment, doctor,” Will asked, pleasantly surprised, assessing lace and silk with covetous fingers. “Is it for me?”
Hannibal preened under his intent eyes. “It is, if you fancy such an attire,” he teased, before Will promptly proceeded unwrapping his present. (x)

gathering

“You don't have to do anything,” Hannibal ensured, rough hand on his warm skin. “Only let yourself be admired.”
Will nodded, eyes blindfolded, conscious of the hungry eyes on his body. He couldn't claim he wasn't preening under the attention. (x)

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #JustFuckMeUp

“They might watch and touch,” Hannibal whispered, languid, turning him by the shoulders towards his avid guests, “but don't delude yourself, dear boy. They shall never possess.”
Liquid anticipation pooled on his groin, flowed his veins. Will felt bare, exposed. Utterly powerful. (x)

hair brushing

“It's growing so fast,” Will absently remarked, fingers gently running through Hannibal's fine hair. “I could have sworn I gave you a cut last week.”
It didn't look like Hannibal was listening, eyes closed in bliss as he quietly enjoyed the light touch, but he replied, “You did.” (x)

uni au

Hannibal was warm and tight around Will, shifting and shuddering in his lap like a voluptuous, helpless creature.
Will marveled at the sight of his plush lips between sharp teeth, at the feeling of his short nails scratching his nape in bliss, not knowing which pleased him more. (x)

bitterness

In retrospect, it had been foolish of Will not to consider Hannibal's invitation would be extended to other guests, rather than include just the two of them.
Will didn't know why, but something tender still stung in him.
“Enjoy they wine,” he said, before taking his rueful leave. (x)

soap fun

The slow slide of his wet head on the soapy cleft of Hannibal's ass had Will breathless and achingly hard.
“You know,” he commented, enraptured with the hypnotic sight, “I don't think I'm exactly relaxing with myself at the moment, but this might have been a good idea after all.” (x)

teeth ii

When Hannibal pounced on Dolarhyde's large back and clawed at his thick neck, Will remained stuck by the sight of his open mouth, feral and dangerous, devouring warm flesh with ravenous hunger.
It reminded him of rich tables and dim lights and low conversations. It felt intimate. (x)

sailor and merperson au

There were different sorts of merfolks for each aquatic environment. Sea creatures tended to be larger, wilder. Lake ones dangerous in subtler manners.
Rivers were relatively quieter in comparison, but Will still met some sirens while fishing in those waters.

#CinnPrompt #MerMads (x)

steampunk au

“Should've stuck to fixing boat motors in Louisiana,” Will muttered, fretfully hovering over the malfunctioning Hobbs unit on the floor.
“Mechanic presents predictable problems, easy to solve. Steam, however,” Hannibal interjected, moving him, “tends to act rather unpredictably.” (x)

by the sea

Together on the sand, enjoying the pleasant sun on a soft towel, dressed to impress and make the other couples jealous of his handsome, murderous husband.
The vacant look on his face was the sole discordant note, but Hannibal found himself forgiving of his semi-catatonic state. (x)

kissing with glasses

It soon became abundantly clear that Will shouldn't have attempted to kiss Hannibal while the man was wearing reading glasses.
He hadn't cared in that moment, the sight had been warm and domestic, but the glasses frame was getting on his nerves.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #FirstKiss (x)

unbearably turned on

“Please,” Will moaned with single-minded abandon, captivating and uncaring, pushing him on the solid table. “Fuck me, Doctor Lecter.”
Will had come to him with blood on his hands and a conspicuous bulge in his pants, and Hannibal stared in rapt contemplation at the man above him. (x)

“You seem to be in a predicamente,” Hannibal paused, inhaled briefly, “or so I gather.”
The cold, beaten corpse of Randall laid right beside him, but neither acknowledged it, as Will straddled his waist.
Hannibal vowed to hear him say please again, before of the end of the night. (x)

aftermath

Will has shown him fierce, heated wrath, but still cannot leave his lap and abandom Hannibal on the floor, swollen and bruised.
He clings on Hannibal's tie like he cannot bear the prospect of their separation, and the gesture is as telling as were his blows and bloodied knuckles. (x)

shapeshifter will

When Hannibal learned that there was a creature hunting in his territory, leaving scattered bones and blood trials after its passage, he decided to hunt the trespasser down for himself. He didn't expect the creature to be part man, part beast.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Shapeshifter (x)

“It's rude to stare,” the man said, after he was naked before Hannibal. “You needed anything?”
The tension was palpable in the air. Hannibal knew that the sight of that bare skin was a pleasure allowed to very few individuals, and that even fewer had survived to tell about it. (x)

upside down

“Perhaps not the most propicious moment to compliment you,” Hannibal uttered beside him, “but you present a striking picture covered in blood.”
Will didn't respond to his remark, but wondered instead how the man could think about that in their predicament.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

finer aftershave

“Did you just smell me,” Will inquired, inclining his head to leave a larger portion of his neck exposed.
“Difficult to avoid,” Hannibal replied with a pleased smirk on his lips. “I'm quite glad you're wearing the aftershave I selected for you.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #PostFall (x)

not alone in the darkness

“Ah, I see,” Will said, turning his eyes to the dark road ahead of them. “So that was the presence that pocked insistently at my side.”
Hannibal hummed in agreement.
Will frowned. “Then would you kindly remove your hand from my lower back?”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #MissingScene (x)

nightmare

“I dreamed about Cordell and his damn face transplant,” Will confessed one morning, sweaty and restless, while Hannibal prepared coffee for the both of them.
“Shall we overwrite the memory,” he suggested.
Will wasn't enthusiastic at the prospect.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

The two of them had seldom threatened each other in the first few weeks of their recovery, but only until their lives settled.
It wouldn't be the first time that Hannibal put a blade to his throat, but Will knew the man was serious when he saw the scene that Hannibal had staged. (x)

Scalpel in hand, Hannibal explained that he would only administer a very mild sedative, rather than sedate him like Cordell had.
Will would feel everything, pain and fear, but could also call himself out of the experience.
It was to be seen if Hannibal would respect his request. (x)

bottom hannibal

“Let me ride you,” Hannibal said, low and sweet.
His words and his tone confused Will. “Home?” he inquired, confused, since he had come with his own car.
Hannibal smiled. “Wherever you please, I'm honestly fine with the sofa over there.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #BottomHannibalDay (x)

bite marks

“Good morning, Will,” he whispered, lips warm and tender and hiding sharp teeth.
Will bore their mark on his shoulder, was in fact studying the bite left on his skin when Hannibal joined him and rested his chin atop the sore spot.
Hannibal smirked. “I'm cold in bed without you.” (x)

strawberry shirt

Beverly couldn't believe that Will was really wearing the gaudy garment, least of all at a crime scene. She had been mostly kidding about the bet, certainly didn't expect Will to honor it.
But the pink shirt collar peeking out from his coat was unmistakable.

#CinnPrompt #Hannibal (x)

glasses

There is a degree of emotional detachment that Will wants to maintain during their lascivious liaison, Hannibal surmises after the first encounters, and said detachment is, in his estimation, embodied in those hideous, useless glasses that Hannibal always strives to remove them. (x)

pink booty shorts

It had been a clever move for Will to start smoking while also implementing his summer wardrobe with those curious, indecent pink shorts. Hannibal would give him that.
“Hannibal,” Will called him with a teasing tone and a smug expression on his tanned face. “My eyes are up here.” (x)

the bottom of the jar

Will never managed to clean the bottom of the jam glass, no matter how much he struggled. His fingers were too large, his hand too big.
Seeing the four of them inside Hannibal always got his hopes up, but the empty jar just couldn't be stretched in the same way.

#SubHannibalWeek (x)

Scratches

The amount of damage Will could do to Hannibal, no matter how many ropes the man used to tie him down, was unbelievable. The morning after Hannibal still wore several plasters to cover his scratches, and Will an unbearably smug grin admiring them.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Domestic (x)

getting back together

Nigel stops abruptly on the threshold to have an internal struggle about those short hair, which suits Aiden very much indeed, but still makes Nigel question with despair in his voice, “Where the fuck are your gorgeous curls?”
He can't bring himself to take his eyes off, though. (x)

“In the trash, where you basically threw my heart,” Aiden counters, because it's been some time, he can say that to Nigel without feeling frail about it. He takes a brief pause, contemplative. “You've got a tummy.” (x)

It is said, Nigel notices, with a familiar interest in his tone, one the man recognizes from their past days together, long hours in bed with a warm hand on his hirsute chest.
A remark on his paunch from anyone else would have irked Nigel. As it is, he smirks and lets himself in. (x)

kind fuckbuddy

Will is starting to have feelings for his fancy, sophisticated fuckbuddy because the man is kind to his dogs, feeds them and greets them before going straight to the business in bed, and Will is developing a kind of fondness for him that goes beyond boning.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

Hannibal crouching before Winston with a solemn face, asking if Will had been a good boy or misbehaved in his absence.
Winston offering his paw, not entirely sure the human has any business looking so serious, but willing to accomodate him, since Dad seems to like this weirdo. (x)

cedrata e cannoli per due

“Cedrata e cannoli per due, per favore,” the distinguished gentleman always ordered for the both of them. It had taken some time to realise that his younger companion, perhaps, didn't speak Italian at all.
It didn't matter. His mouth was better employed around their fat pastries. (x)

slapping

The first time, it happened by chance during a quarrel.
Will said something particularly insensitive and Hannibal reacted particularly poorly, but not enough to resort to knives.
Neither expected the erection it aroused.
The second time, Will asked for it.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram (x)

piano

At first, Will didn't taken quite well to his proposal to teach him to play the piano. “Totally unnecessary,” he firmly declared. “You play just fine for the both of us already.” Hannibal insisted on their morning lessons, though, and had no regrets.

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Piano (x)

submissive bottom alpha hannibal lecter

The forensic team laughed quite hard when Will used those precise words to describe his first impression of Hannibal Lecter.
“Just a quick look at the guy and this is what you came up with?” Zeller mockingly asked.
“Doesn't look like there's anything submissive about him to me.” (x)

Will certainly didn't appreciate the tone, but refused to acknowledge his mild irritation.
“Who said it was just a quick look,” he said instead.
Beverly frowned at his remark, not understanding his words until the man in question entered the room.
He sported a hickey on his neck.(x)

a little loose with the straps

Will had spent hours devising the exact posture and muscle contraction that we intended for Hannibal to perform, however uncomfortable and complicated to achieve.
He had intended for Hannibal to salivate on his nape. He did not intend to endanger the integrity of his book though. (x)

subtle threat

Hannibal had been insufferable all morning.
“Your birthday,” Will noted. “I forgot it was yesterday.”
“Quite alright,” Hannibal replied, tense and suave in a manner that Will had learned to distrust. “I shall make sure you won't forget next year.”

#CinnPrompt #Hannigram #Birthday (x)

The atmosphere had been tense all morning, and the furtive, wishful glances that Hannibal had insistently thrown at him should have alerted Will that it wasn't about the plastic suits he had left outside hanging on the drain. (x)

End Notes

Due to Tumblergeddon, I learned to write even shorter bits of stories. Bon appétit.
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